

U. S. Department of Justice

(MATERIAL MUST NOT BE REMOVED FROM OR ADDED TO)

FEDERAL BUREAU

of

INVESTIGATION

100-

HQ-467035

Sec. 1

Serials 1-



Declassification authority
derived from FBI Automatic
Declassification Guide,
Issued May 26, 2007

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(RD-F) Date: 03-13-2017
FOIA = RD 84232 DOCID:
52377736

USE CARE IN HANDLING THIS FILE

Transfer-Call 421

1 - Mr. D. P. White

SAC, Indianapolis

August 5, 1971

Director, FBI

Classified by 2979
Exempt from GDS, Category 2
Date of Declassification Indefinite

Indianapolis Harlan C. Phillips
6-1-79

8-5-91

"GRASS ROOTS"
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA
(NEW LEFT MOVEMENT - PUBLICATION)
IS - NEW LEFT

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

"TUPART Monthly Reports" ("TMR") is published by National Media Analysis, Inc., Washington, D. C., which has for 18 years specialized in the analysis of public trends in the United States. The July, 1971, issue of "TMR," on the underground press, contains a composite of the Underground Press Syndicate's latest listing of its members. Included therein is captioned publication which appears to be a New Left type newspaper or publication. Bureau files do not indicate that it has been subject of prior investigation by your office.

Through established sources, endeavor to obtain copies of captioned publication and forward same to Bureau for perusal. In addition, review your files regarding captioned publication as well as individuals responsible for its publication. This periodical should be reviewed by you to determine if articles, letters or editorials published in it advocate civil disobedience, violence or any other type extremist activity, as well as the printing of material relating to preparation or use of explosives. You should also be alert for information of an inflammatory nature which would incite riots or would be of any other security interest to your office.

In the event this publication contains information along the lines indicated above, you should discreetly contact logical sources in an effort to obtain information pertaining to the following:

MAILED 7

EX-105

1. General nature of the publication

2. Location of printing and publishing facilities

3. Circulation

1 - 100-416997-72

DPW:nls

62 AUG 10

MAIL ROOM ☐ TELETYPE UNIT ☐

- APPROPRIATE AGENCIES
FIELD OFFICES
ADVISED BY ROUTING
SLIP (S) OF CLASSIFICATION
DATE 10-2-79
- Tolson _____
Felt _____
Sullivan _____
Mohr _____
Bishop _____
Brennan, C.D. _____
Callahan _____
Casper _____
Conrad _____
Dalbey _____
Gale _____
Ponder _____
Rosen _____
Tavel _____
Walters _____
Soyars _____
Tele. Room _____
Holmes _____
Gandy _____

UNRECORDED COPY FILED IN 100-416997-72

AUG 5 1971

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

Letter to Indianapolis
Re: "Grass Roots"

4. Sources of funds ~~CONFIDENTIAL~~
5. Diversion of income to support revolutionary groups or other extremists with propensity for violence
6. Identities of leading activists
7. Connection with any New Left organization
8. Propensity for violence of individuals connected with this publication
9. Whether individuals connected with this publication reside in a communal-type existence
10. Extent of any domestic or foreign subversion

Upon completion of your investigation, pertinent information developed should be furnished to the Bureau in LHM form suitable for dissemination. Submit your recommendations as to whether further investigation is warranted pursuant to the provisions of Section 87B, Manual of Instructions.

Assure that all 10 points above are covered in your LHM. In the event no information can be developed on a particular point, the reason for the omission should be set forth in the cover communication.

Underground newspapers of the New Left movement are utilized as propaganda outlets and they frequently contain information regarding future plans of organizations connected with the movement. They are a valuable source from which information regarding activity in a particular area can be derived.

No action should be taken by you in connection with investigation of this matter which would reflect adversely upon the FBI and contact with established sources should be most discreet. The sources contacted by you regarding this matter should thoroughly understand that the Bureau's interest is in underground publications which advocate civil disobedience, violence or any other extremist activity and that the Bureau's interest cannot in any way be construed as infringement upon the freedom of the press.

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

TO : Director, FBI

DATE: 8/11/71

FROM : SAC, Indianapolis (100-17583) (C)

SUBJECT: *for*
from
"GRASS ROOTS"
Indianapolis, Indiana
(New Left Movement - Publication)
IS - NEW LEFT

OO: Indianapolis

Re BU let to IP 8/5/71.

ST For information purposes, Indianapolis submitted copy of captioned publication and letterhead memorandum by letter dated 8/5/71.

Indianapolis Harlan Phillips 6-1-79
Classified by 2979
Exempt from GDS, Category 2
Date of Declassification Indefinite
8-11-91

APPROPRIATE AGENCIES
AND FIELD OFFICES
ADVISED BY ROUTING
SLIP (S) OF classification
DATE 10/2/79 lee

REC-24

EX-105

100-467035-2
22 AUG 16 1971

NEW LEFT

2 - Bureau
1 - Indianapolis (100-17583) DIA
JHB/met
(3) *FN8*

62 AUG 19 1971



5010-108-02

Buy U.S. Savings Bonds Regularly on the Payroll Savings Plan

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

TO : DIRECTOR, FBI (100-467035)

FROM : SAC, INDIANAPOLIS (100-17583) (C)

SUBJECT: *Am. W.*
"GRASS ROOTS"
(NEW LEFT MOVEMENT - PUBLICATION)
IS - NEW LEFT

DATE: 1/24/72

OO: Indianapolis

Re Indianapolis letter and LHM, 8/5/71 and Bureau letter to Indianapolis, 8/17/71. *e*

Enclosed for the Bureau are six copies of an LHM on captioned matter. Also enclosed is one copy of "Grass Roots." This copy is undated and appeared the middle of October, 1971, and was the last issue. One copy of Blade 9, "Grass Roots" appearing September, 1971, is also enclosed. *e*

Confidential source utilized in LHM is *6-1-79*

Indianapolis
Harlan Phillips

Classified by 2979

Exempt from GDS, Category 2

Date of Declassification Indefinite

1/24/92

Blade 9 "Grass Roots"
2cc 922 D
2 - Bureau (Enc. 8) (RM)
1 - Indianapolis

JHB/plp *1cc D*
(3)

"ENCLOSURE ATTACHED"

APPROPRIATE AGENCIES
AND FIELD OFFICES
ADVISED BY ROUTING
SLIP (S) OF *classification*
DATE *10/2/79*

1 - Army
1 - RAO/ISD

R/S 2/1/72

EX-101

REC-11

100-467035-3

10 JAN 27 1972

DO NOT INLET DIA
REC'D

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

NEW YORK



7 FEB 16 1972

U.S. Savings Bonds Regularly on the Payroll Savings Plan



UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

In Reply, Please Refer to
File No.

Indianapolis, Indiana

January 24, 1972

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

The "Grass Roots"

The "Grass Roots" was started as a community newspaper at Indianapolis, Indiana, by individuals involved with peace and social issues. Initially circulated, April, 1971, the paper featured articles dealing with antiwar, antiestablishment, abortion repeal, police tactics and welfare rights.

On September 13, 1971, a confidential source, who has furnished reliable information in the past, advised that interest among staff members of the "Grass Roots" was waning greatly and it appeared the publication may fail.

On December 10, 1971, this same source advised that the "Grass Roots" was no longer in existence due to lack of interest, contributions and general disorganization. The last issue, undated, appeared during October, 1971. The issue featured articles on prison problems at Attica, New York.

This source advised on January 14, 1972, that no attempts have been made to continue publication of "Grass Roots."

This document contains neither recommendations nor conclusions of the FBI. It is the property of the FBI and is loaned to your agency; it and its contents are not to be distributed outside your agency.

1*

100-467035-3

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

CRASH ROOTS **END**

25¢

Attica Aftermath:



Funeral For A Casualty...

Kuntsler On Attica P. 2
A Convict's Notes P. 3
Cougars Football Pp. 8&9
Moratorium P. 15

Recollections Of A Navy Brig P. 5

The Other Side

Kunstler Raps On Attica

By Liberation News Service

What follows is a short interview with William Kunstler which ranges over a wide variety of topics relating to the Attica Rebellion and Massacre. Kunstler, the movement lawyer for the Chicago 8, Rap Brown and others was part of about two dozen people who were either requested by the prisoners at Attica or who went by themselves to act as a negotiating committee between Corrections Commissioner Russell G. Oswald and the prisoners. The two dozen narrowed themselves down to a more workable 10, including Kunstler, Black Muslim Minister Jabarr Kenyatta (who was once an inmate at Attica), Young Lords Jose Pariss (who had also spent time at Attica), and Juan Ortiz, Congressman Herman Badillo, Buffalo Assemblyman Arthur Eve and others.

The straight press, as well as a number of officials (including Governor Nelson Rockefeller) have suggested and in some cases have said quite specifically that Kunstler acted as an "outside agitator" and had incited the prisoners to be more unyielding during the negotiations. Later in the week after the rebellion, 18 members of the negotiating committee and the other observers issued a statement saying it was the intransigence of Oswald and Rockefeller which stalled negotiations (which was used as an excuse for the invasion) and that all the members of the committee had worked hard for a negotiated settlement.

WHAT SORT OF POLITICAL ACTIVITY WAS THERE BEFORE THE REBELLION?

The prisoners created a manifesto as early as June or July of this year. They had copied a lot of it, I believe from the manifesto issued some time ago at Folsom Penitentiary in California as well as from a petition a large number of Puerto Rican inmates drew up in April. In June they named five people to negotiate the manifesto with prison officials. Frank Lott, a black, was named the chairman. Of those five prisoners I know at least one—white—Peter Butler. The others were black. One of them was Herbert X. Blyden, who emerged as one of the leaders during the rebellion. Blyden was indicted for 72 counts after the Tombs (Manhattan Men's House of Detention) rebellion last fall. Very conveniently, the trials for those charges are coming up in two weeks.

This early manifesto, which had 27 demands was sent to Commissioner Oswald on July 20. I have a letter Frank Lott sent to Oswald on July 20 in which he enclosed the manifesto. The Commissioner did not respond to that letter until a month later—August 16.

Oswald's response was something like: "I received your demands and in general you know it takes time and we will read and study them and report back to you." The rebellion began on Sept. 8—about two weeks after the prisoners got Oswald's reply.

Apparently there was a leadership among the prisoners long before the rebellion because they appointed the five man committee.

I know the men were very conscious about what happened to the prisoners at New York's Auburn State Prison (there was a prison revolt there last winter. Following it, most of the rioters were put into special segregation and six were ultimately picked out as leaders and prosecuted. None of their demands were met.) A number of prisoners who had been at Auburn are now in Attica—they move prisoners around quite a bit. So there was a distinct tie between the

experience at Auburn and the prisoner population at Attica.

WHAT WAS IT LIKE INSIDE ATTICA AFTER THE LIBERATION?

I did not arrive at the prison until the night of the 9th, Friday. I spent a total of 20 hours inside the prison during the three times I was allowed in. I was conscious of an enormously well-organized prison situation. For example, a man freaked out during one of the negotiating sessions. He started to fight with another inmate. They were immediately separated and taken away by other prisoners. Another man had a nervous spell—he was freaking and yelling and he also was immediately taken away.

The security lines were everywhere and extremely well organized—people arm in arm—one facing back, one facing front, alternatively. Sam Melville (a white man convicted of bombing conspiracy in N.Y.C.) was in the security line.

There was a scare the first night I was there, on Friday. All the lights went out. Non-prisoners like us were put up against the wall behind the negotiating table so we would be out of harm. The prisoners kept telling us, in the dark, "You'll be alright; we've got it under control."

Our relationships in there were good. We (the negotiators) were never harmed. We were treated kindly, courteously and considerately. There was great respect for us and people were delighted to have us take the mike and rap with them. Lots of people came up and asked us to call their relatives which we did.

I had a sense of real organization. There was always someone typing the stenographic section. The loudspeaker, unlike ones in the outside world,

always worked—they didn't have any problems with that. The inmates at the negotiating table were articulate, well-informed and pressing their demands. As some straight reporter said, there was even a lack of what the outside world would call profanity. There was also an absence of heavy rhetoric.

THE PEOPLE'S CENTRAL COMMITTEE SEEMED TO OVERSEE THE VARIOUS ACTIVITIES AND FUNCTIONS' CAN YOU TELL US SOMETHING ABOUT IT?

There were 30 prisoners on the Central Committee, which was dominated by blacks. There were some whites—two or three. One was Jerry Rosenberg from Brooklyn, a jailhouse lawyer for all the prisoners. He was a vital, vibrant small man. There were several other whites, one a tall lifer. There was also a handful of Puerto Ricans. They rotated chairman every night.

CAN YOU TELL US MORE ABOUT THE WHITE PRISONERS? THERE WAS A RUMOR THAT SAM MELVILLE RIGGED UP AN ELECTRICAL COMMUNICATIONS NETWORK?

I never heard of Sam doing anything like that. Sam did not approach the negotiators at all. He stayed aloof, primarily because he had a security job. Robin Palmer (another white activist jailed on a bombing conspiracy charge) was always up near the table. Robin gave me a lot of letters to get out to people.

WHAT DID CEELBLOCK D LOOK LIKE?

The field looked like a sloppy boy scout camp. There were so many things around, so many men living together. There was no running water (the prison officials turned it off) and they had to dig trenches to go to the bathroom. But there was no odor. I really expected it to smell like a real shit house but it didn't. We could see where the hostages were. There were sheets on the ground, blankets made into tents, paper scattered all over. I didn't see any rocket launchers.

DID OSWALD MAKE THE NEGOTIATING COMMITTEE SIGN SOMETHING BEFORE YOU WENT IN FOR THE LAST TIME, SAYING THAT IF ANYTHING HAPPENED TO YOU, THE STATE WAS NOT RESPONSIBLE?

That was just before the last time we went in. A few minutes after we went in he tried to completely undermine us with the prisoners by sending in the letter demanding the immediate release of hostages and negotiations on "neutral territory." The timing was beautiful. The prisoners were understandably angry at us because they thought we knew about the letter and we were being used as a front for Oswald. The letter was either to get us killed so there would have been an incident (something very favorable to the state—the prisoners killing their own negotiators) or to undermine our credibility so that we couldn't really work with them anymore or to undermine them psychologically. Which ever the reason, each one is equally indecent.

WE HEARD SOMETHING ABOUT THE LEGISLATORS ON THE NEGOTIATING TEAM BEING SHOWN THE BODIES OF THE PEOPLE WHO PRISON OFFICIALS DESCRIBED AS THE "THROAT CUTTER MURDERERS"

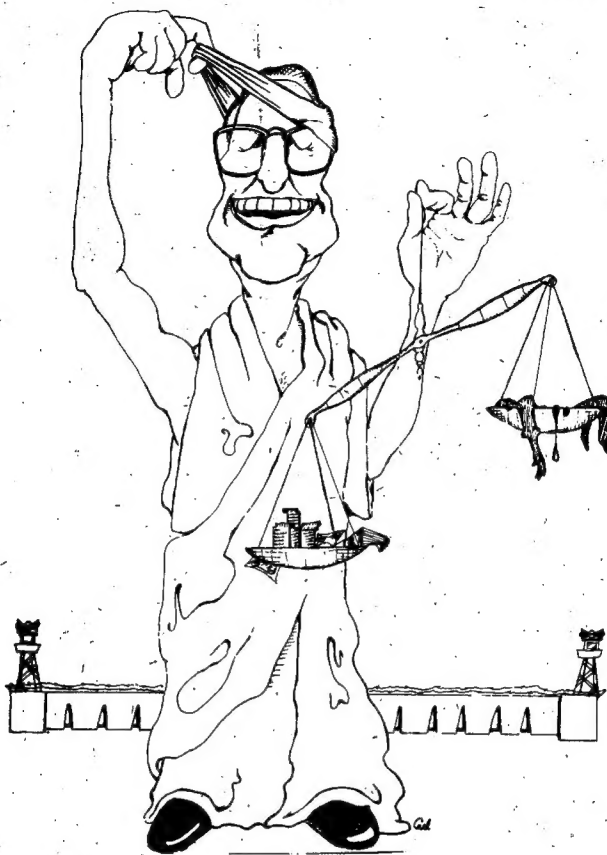
This was right after the invasion—about two or three in the afternoon. This got almost no publicity. Bobby Garcia (State Senator from the Bronx), Arthur Eve, Herman Badillo were taken through by assistant director Walter Dunbar and were shown four men—one white and three black, lying on their stomachs, fully clothed. Those were the ones pointed out as seen cutting throats. And then there was a big black guy—Frank Lott—who was lying with a football under him to prop his head up. He was pointed out as the one who had emasculated one of the hostages—Michael Smith. He was naked and lying face up. (Lott was one of the five people who had signed the manifesto which was sent to Oswald in July).

Dunbar said he was told this by Commissioner Oswald—an official report and there were films of all this. Then Dunbar told them that two of the guards were killed before the assault which of course was untrue.

The things they said were major untruths—the slit throats, the emasculation—which would have been terrible because they would have undermined the credibility of the prisoners. But we knew that wasn't

(Cont. On P. 10)

Rocky Weighs Alternatives



LETTERS from ATTICA

NEW YORK (LNS)--"The provocative quality of a club suddenly striking a solid brick or steel surface just behind you, accompanied by a roar to 'lock in, forward march,'" it's just part of the "basic terror that people live under in prison," said Sam Melville in a letter from Attica Prison to his lawyer.

Two weeks after that letter, Sam, who pleaded, guilty to the 1969 New York City bombings of the United Fruit Company, Marine Midland Grace Trust Company, Whitehall Street Induction Center, Standard Oil, General Motors, and the Chase Manhattan Bank, was dead in the Attica Massacre.

He was killed, Assistant Commissioner of Corrections Walter Dunbar was quick to point out; only an hour after Cell Block D was "secure" as he was running with four homemade bombs ready to blow up a 500-gallon fuel tank." Dunbar, according to some of Sam's friends, seemed surprisingly well equipped soon after the "mop-up operations." He had a printed press release and pictures of the person he called "Madbomber" Melville.

Dunbar talked about sharpshooters shooting Sam down from roof tops but the two bullet wounds went up through his chin and through his neck under his chin. Dunbar also didn't explain how Sam could run through the tear gas fog or carry four bombs in his hands to blow up a metal fuel tank.

Sam Melville was born almost 35 years ago in Buffalo, 40 miles from Attica where he died. He went to high school in Buffalo but at 18 he came to New York City where he helped his father organize a union of taxi drivers.

He loved music, poetry, playing the guitar, writing songs, hiking through the woods and eating ice cream. He wanted to be an opera singer. He changed his name (which was originally Grossman) to Melville because he like the 19th century author so much.

He became a hydraulics engineer, married and had a son named Joshua in 1961

Then in the early sixties, he dropped out, got divorce and did some community organizing in Morningside Heights, the area near Columbia University.

He moved down to the Lower East Side of New York where he worked at the Free Store which served the thousands of young people who fled there from other parts of the country in 1967.

And then on July 27, 1969, a bomb exploded on the Hudson River pier of the United Fruit Company, a company which has its octopus-like hands all over Latin America. August 20, Marine Midland Grace Trust Company, also with extensive holdings in Latin America blew up. September 19, Whitehall Induction Center exploded and on Nov. 11, Standard Oil, General Motors and Chase Manhattan were shaken by bomb blasts.

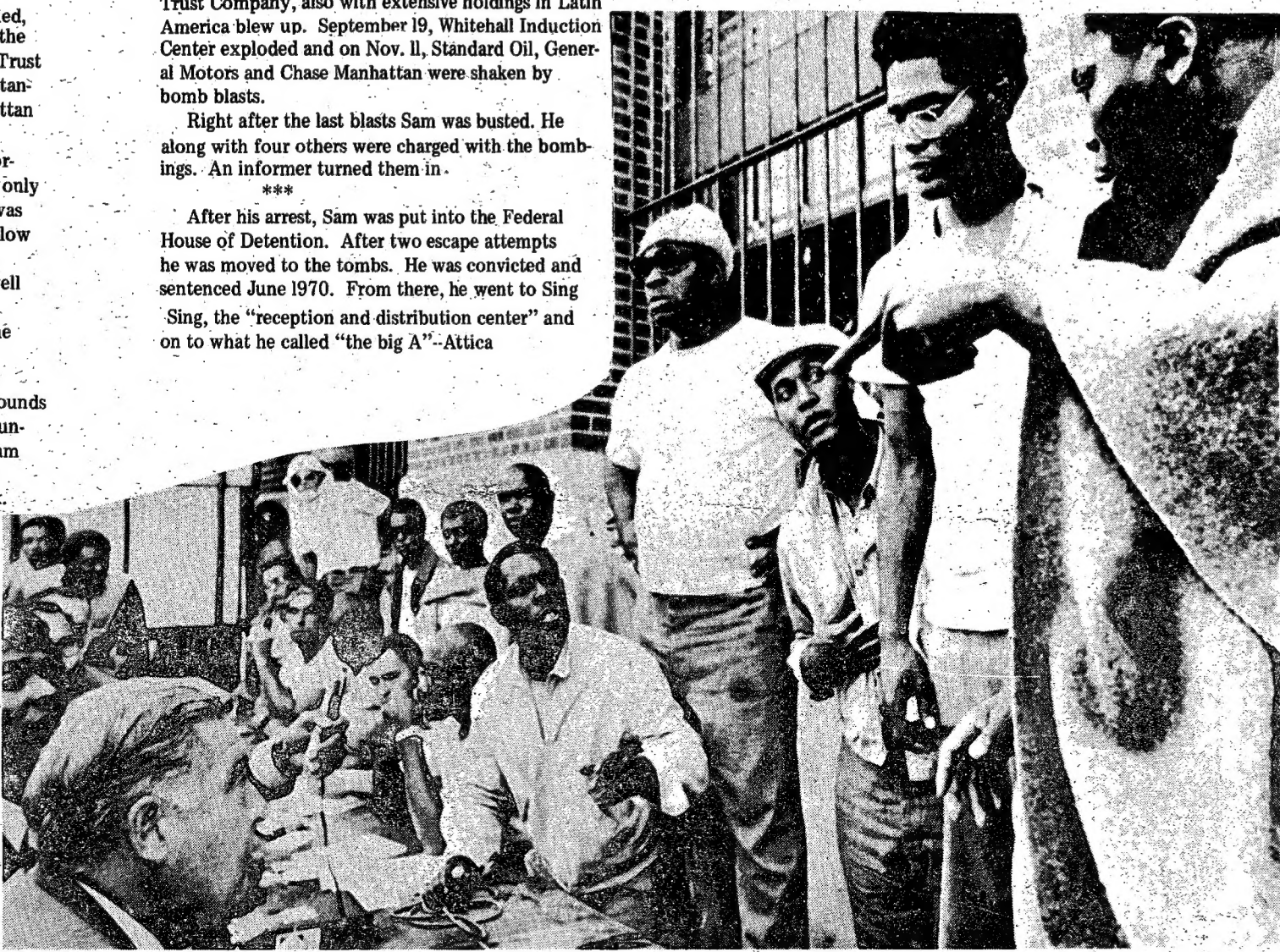
Right after the last blasts Sam was busted. He along with four others were charged with the bombings. An informer turned them in.

After his arrest, Sam was put into the Federal House of Detention. After two escape attempts he was moved to the toms. He was convicted and sentenced June 1970. From there, he went to Sing Sing, the "reception and distribution center" and on to what he called "the big A"--Attica

Sam was a quiet but dynamic man, say people who knew him. "So the organizing he did at Attica, he did with an effort," said a friend, "because he thought that's what he should do."

Organizing at Attica meant talking to other inmates whenever he could--during the exercise period, during meals, in the shower. He helped start the underground newspaper which the inmates secretly passed out. He was accepted by the blacks and Puerto Ricans who had already started political groups which they called the Black Panthers and the Young Lords. He talked to young white junkies who came in, as he told one of his friends, "debilitated in mind and body."

September 13, 1971, Samuel J. Melville was shot dead. Walter Dunbar, who got his training at the California Board of Corrections and specifically at San Quentin called him the "mad bomber." Sam never denied his involvement in the bombings. During his sentencing in June 1970, the judge noted the bombing of the induction center caused more than \$90,000 worth of damage. Sam interrupted and commented, "that's about two Viet Congs."



BUY YOUR PAPERS AT:
INDIANAPOLIS
FESTIVAL THEATER, 5507 E. Wash. St. Indpls.
HIT RECORDS, 206 N. Meridian
THE PENTAGRAM OF LIGHT, 2039 N. Talbot
KARMA RECORDS, 926 Broad Ripple
INDIANA NEWS, 137 W. Washington
BOOKLAND, 134 W. Washington
SAN DOG, 937 E. Westfield
RAP HOUSE, 134 E. 36th
INDIANA POLIS LATEX, 141 S. Illinois
CREATIVE HOUSE OF BARGAINS, 2859 N. Central
HOT 100's SHOPPES, 59 W. 38th. Street
DISC RECORDS, Glendale Shopping Center
LAFAYETTE
STAR'S END, 103 Chauncey St. West. Laf.
VON'S BOOK STORE, 230 Wood St. West. Laf.
BLOOMINGTON
INDIANA MEMORIAL UNION BOOKSTORE
RECORD CO-OP, 116 East 6th St.
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RAP HOUSE, 134 E. 36th
SWITCHBOARD HOUSE, 2126 N. College
3265 N. Butler
4729 N. Broadway
2440 N. Park

Staff for this issue: Bill, Umbi, Cathy
Mike, Karen, John & Cronie, the
Indianapolis Fire Department for
giving us a rush, the typist that split for
California after typing one page, Johnny
Carson, Bette Midler (and her bouncing
boobs-- really despicable too), and snoring
Darryl who kept us awake.

OPEN STAFF MEETING EVERY
WEDNESDAY NIGHT AT 2440
NORTH PARK 7:00 p.m.

I enclose _____ \$5 for 26 issues
_____ \$3 for 13 issues
_____ \$ for _____ subscriptions
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ADVERTISE IN THE GRASS ROOTS
\$95 for full page ad (10x14)
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\$3 for a column inch
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Free classifieds for individuals
(see "Community Bulletin, Bored?")
call Cathy at 925-2928
or 925-9033 (can leave
message here)

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City _____ Zip _____

grass roots of Indianapolis
P.O. Box 1492
Indianapolis, Indiana 46206



RED BRICK

FREE U.

On June 7, 1971, the City Council of West Lafayette passed an amendment to the Peddlers' and Solicitor's Ordinance for the first time in over ten years. The new amendment requires that applicants for the Peddler's Permit must post a \$1,000 bond to insure their good conduct. This is merely the latest addition to an already objectionable ordinance which requires a lengthy identification of the applicant (including a complete set of fingerprints) as well as a description of the goods that are being offered. The Police Dept. has the power to determine whether the provisions of the ordinance have been fulfilled and to grant the permit.

The purpose of the new amendment is to prevent the distribution of newspapers such as "Red Brick" by forcing them to post a \$1,000 bond for each person selling the paper within the city limits of West Lafayette. Although "Tobacco Road" very carefully obeyed the earlier, unamended ordinance, the City Council was not content at mere regulation and has now forced underground newspapers outside of the law. In as much as we will need the support of the community to fight this bad law, we are first obligated to explain why the ordinance is a bad one, and then answer certain questions which the community is likely to ask.

The first Amendment to the Constitution is very clear as to its intentions concerning Freedom of the Press; "Congress shall make no law...abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press." Until 1931, however, the Supreme Court refused to apply the First Amendment to the actions of local governments. Then, in the landmark case of Near v. Minnesota, the Supreme Court ruled that the due process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment prohibited local governments from restricting a citizen's rights. Since that case, the Supreme Court "has characterized that the freedom of speech and that of the press as fundamental personal rights and liberties. It reflects the belief of the framers of the constitution that exercise of rights lies at the foundation of free government by free men." (Schneider v. Irvington, 308 US 147)

Some Questions which might arise:

But the ordinance seems to limit only distribution and not publication.

Ans. In one of the earliest Supreme Court decisions concerning freedom of the press (Ex Parte Jackson, 96 US 727), the Court ruled that "liberty of circulation is as essential to that freedom as liberty of publishing; indeed without the circulation, the publication would be of little value." This decision has been repeated in almost every court ruling concerning this freedom.

Doesn't the city have the right to issue licenses controlling distribution, provided that it doesn't prohibit it all together?

Ans. In England, as well as in colonial America, the battle for freedom of the press was directed at the system of requiring licenses for the publication of literature and this was surely one of the evils against which the First Amendment was directed. In the case of Alma Lovell v. the City of Griffin (303 US 444), the Supreme Court ruled that the city did not have the right to control the distribution of literature in this manner.

But couldn't the paper be distributed somewhere other than the streets of West Lafayette?

Ans. Of course the paper could be sold elsewhere and will be, but in Schneider v. Irvington, (308 US 147), the Supreme Court has ruled that "the streets are natural and proper places for the dissemination of information and opinion; and one is not to have the exercise of his liberty of expression in appropriate places abridged on the plea that it may be exercised in some other place." The staff members of the "Red Brick" agree with the Court that in order to effectively distribute information it is necessary to sell papers on the Sidewalks of West Lafayette.

Aside from the requirement to post the \$1,000 bond, is the remainder of the ordinance acceptable?

Ans. If it were not for this provision, "Red Brick" would probably agree to the other conditions of the

ordinance concerning the identification and fingerprinting of the distributors. This does not mean that this portion of the ordinance is either proper or constitutional, since the Supreme Court has ruled against similar identification requirements (Schneider v. Irvington, 308 US 147, and Talley v. California, 362 US 60) on the grounds that they tended to restrict the free distribution of information.

But the \$1,000 is merely a bond which is to be returned at a later date. Isn't this different from a prohibitive tax?

Ans. Not really when one considers that the only way that the bond could possibly be raised by a nonprofit organization such as the paper is to pay a bondsman a \$100 fee (nonreturnable). In a similar case, (Speiser v. Randall, 357 US 513), the Supreme Court stated that "a discriminatory denial of a tax exemption for engaging in speech is a limitation on free speech." Thus the important question is whether the bond tends to limit the distribution and not whether it is a tax.

Do the paperboys and other commercial distributors have to obtain a permit?

Ans. No, they are exempted since they have maintained a place of business within the city for the last twelve months. All of the old businesses are thus unrestricted, since the law was only aimed at prohibiting the establishment of alternative institutions. Although the Supreme Court has not ruled on this matter, several lower Federal courts have ruled that such exemptions operate in restraint of trade and are therefore improper.

SUMMARY: A few months ago, a freak writing about the situation in Yosemite National Park developed the idea that "if you need a permit, then you ain't free!" Since the Supreme Court has agreed with this idea, at least as far as freedom of the press is concerned, the staff members of the "Red Brick" are firmly opposed to the ordinance requiring the permit and are committed to fighting this law by whatever means necessary to defeat it. There are two basic courses of action: the first is to go to court and get an order prohibiting the police department from enforcing the law, and the second is to break the law and then take it to court. Since we do not have the time or money to undertake the first course, we do not hesitate to implement the second. This paper has been sold to you in spite of the law in order to guarantee your right to information!!! Support those distributors who are arrested.

obscenity bust at Festival

On September 24, James O'Neil, manager of the Festival Theater, appeared in criminal court before Master Commissioner Ralph N. May. This was a probable cause hearing stemming from Mr. O'Neil's showing of an allegedly obscene motion picture. A videotape of the film was shown in court after which Mr. O'Neil was arrested for violation of an obscenity statute. The city police fingerprinted, photographed, then jailed O'Neil. He was later released on bond.

One week later, on October 1, Mr. O'Neil was arrested for the showing of a different motion picture, "Someday Girl." The procedure was the same, only this time Mr. O'Neil was given to the Sheriff's Department for fingerprinting, photographing, and jailing. Again he was released on bond. He is currently awaiting notification of his trial dates.

Free University classes will start the week of October 18 and will meet weekly unless indicated. Classes will either be held in rooms donated by Bethlehem Lutheran Church or in the instructor's home.

Registration will be held Thursday and Friday, October 14 and 15 from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. To register call 638-2626 or 283-3546.

Overpopulation-What to do?

Bethlehem Lutheran Church, 52nd and Central, 8 p.m. Mondays, Pat Hessel, discussion of the aspects, questions and solutions of overpopulation.

Creative Writing

Bethlehem Lutheran Church, 52nd and Central, 8 p.m. Mondays, Ruth Redstone, sharing your writing with others and learning how others relate to your writing.

Advanced German

Bethlehem Lutheran Church, 52nd and Central, 7:30-9:30 p.m. Mondays, a continuing class open to those who have had two semesters of German or the equivalent.

Political Protest Groups in the U.S.

Bethlehem Lutheran Church, 52nd and Central, 7:30 p.m. Tuesdays, Patrick McGeever, discussion on the various political protest groups and how they relate to our "system."

Beginning Russian

3728 N. Guilford, 8-10 p.m. Tuesdays, Judy Seubert.

Planning the Food Coop

Bethlehem Lutheran Church, 52nd and Central, 8:30 p.m. Tuesdays, Jane Halderman.

Ecology--the Greening of Indianapolis

Bethlehem Lutheran Church, 52nd and Central, 8:30-9:30 p.m. Wednesdays, Dan Markey, a project for those who wish to plan and participate in the conversion of vacant inner-city lots to productive neighborhood gardens.

Speech and Theatre Workshop

Bethlehem Lutheran Church, 52nd and Central, 7:30 p.m. Wednesdays, Sol Blumenthal, study and practice of good speech habits and workshop involving histrionic techniques and dramatic expression.

Practical Law for the People

Bethlehem Lutheran Church, 52nd and Central, 8 p.m. Thursday, Brent Barnhart, covering Constitutional law, juvenile law, federal and state court systems, and the practical aspects of law-arrests, narcotics law and tenants' rights.

Beginning Greek

Bethlehem Lutheran Church, 52nd and Central, 8 p.m. Fridays, Tom Russell, lighthearted studies in Greek.

Literature--English Club

Cavanaugh Hall, rm. 439, 925 W. Michigan, alternate Fridays at 8 p.m., the IUPUI English Club welcomes those members of the community who are interested in reading and discussing literary works from drama to short stories and novels.

Primal Scream

Bethlehem Lutheran Church, 52nd and Central, 7:45-9 p.m. Sundays, Ron Mitchell, discussion of the book, primal theory, research and therapy, an in-depth review of the economic, social and personal significance.

Free University classes may be taught by anyone interested and willing. If interested for next semester, call the Free U. staff at 638-2626

Anyone interested in being put on the Free U. mailing list or wishes to be taken off, please call 638-2626 or drop a card to Free University, care of Bethlehem Lutheran Church, 526 E. 52nd, Ind.

Donations of cash, supplies, meeting places for classes, people power, etc., will be gratefully accepted, appreciated and used.

HASSLE in the BRIG

In 1968, I was Absent Without Leave from Camp Pendleton, California. There were many times before, but this one was different from the others.

I was Indiana when the shit came down. I was working in a store when two FBI men came to my boss and asked about me. I could tell they were agents by the way they were dressed—typical pig issue suits.

I started to run out the back door when one of the idiots yelled at me to stop. He drew a gun, so

I did. They then took me to the Marion County Jail for transport back to California.

They were lucky to get me because a month or so later they went over their budget chasing A-WOLs.

THE BRIG (the good part)

The brig was very small. It was built for 500 men but imprisoned about 1,500. Moreover about 75 to 100 men were arriving there daily.

The first thing they do is give you a "prison haircut". This is one with regular clippers but done very heavilyhandedly—often cause blood to rise from the scalp.

From there, you go to "pick up". It is a rounded structure with a high steel gate. Like many Indy streets, there was no sitting or loafing allowed. Only here, the penalties were more severe.

I was there from 5 a.m. to 7 a.m.

We were sent next to Quarantine Maximum Security (Q-max). One of the rules was that prisoners in max could not speak to prisoners in minimum. We were separated only by a fence.

The hootches in max were filthy wooden hovels, about 15-feet by 45-feet. They were heated by leaky gas stoves. Another rule was that only guards could touch or fix the stoves.

Another shitty aspect of my interment was the five times daily count. We were made to stand outside, not minding the weather in our never-washed clothes, for three to four hours and watch whil some asshole guard demonstrated his mathematical skills.

At the end of the last count, you got your

magic number so you could go to bed to wake up the next morning for another day of counting.

Even though security was tight, some of my brothers could smuggle in dope of all types. It was mostly shooting stuff. Anything to escape the drab and oppressive conditions inside. Lots of ODs.

As an unavoidable consequence, hepatitis was epidemic. So was dysentery.

If a dude was croaking and asked to see a corpsman, he had to wait until the next morning's sick call.

Punishment was dealt out in many ways. One was to be sent to SEG where the bill of fare was bread, water and lettuce once a day. SEG was a series of one man dog houses with bars. One brother lost about 50 to 60 pounds in 30 days.

One day when I was sick and refused to march to mess, I was put in the "icebox". These were 50 one man cells in a tent. The flaps were up in the winter's night so you froze. In the summer, the flaps were kept down naturally.

A common ploy also was to tie a guy up by his wrists facing a wall. He would stay that way overnight.

Of course, there was always the straight jacket.

But about as common was "shanghai-ing". When a man was in the brig because he refused to go to 'Nam, he was handcuffed and shackled and put aboard a troop plane for 'Nam.

This happened to me.

As soon as I got there, I deserted.

Doesn't Any Body Know
I'm Here?

LETTERS (cont.)

For the almost two years he was in jail, Sam Melville wrote to his friends and his lawyer. The letters written from his cell at the Federal Men's House of Detention, from the Tombs, from Sing Sing, and finally from Attica will be published in a book. They are copyrighted 1971 by the Samuel Melville estate. The following are excerpts from some of those letters.

Dec. 10, 1969

My prevailing mood must be called despair. Living among our people and taking from amerika that amount I could stomach made me forget the vast waste of inhumanity that dominates this country. Here, I'm struck with the overwhelming insanity of popular opinion and taste without any relief! I don't know how long I'll be able to take prison life. Imagine yourself having to go back to our lives of eight or ten years ago when the only break in the monotonous hypocrisy of society was to meet someone else, every once in a while, who felt your loneliness, which came out only as bitterness. Couple this with a world completely devoid of women!

Mostly now, I feel whatever I may have hoped to accomplish simply was a waste. Just one more nut who freaked out and took an OD or climbed up a tower and fruitlessly gunned down everything in sight. I know there is a Jane and a John and young brothers and sisters with another way, another music, another look, another smell!

But it's so unreal here; At first the shock of the arrest and the feeling of a common enemy made me groove on my cellmates. But after awhile I began to see so painfully the pettiness and hatred that is their "preferred" makeup. Telling myself these are my fellow creatures just doesn't help for very long. I'm not Christ though I might like to think so sometimes.

My greatest fear is that my glib answer to the charge of insanity is totally wrong. I've always said that insanity was merely a malevolent society's way of dealing with an individual's action which threatens the functioning of that society.

Now I'm beginning to realize there are creatures who, driven to despair at not finding love, actually doubt their own reasoning apparatus, their own needs.

cont. p.10



Electronic

Death

Electronic sensors and related automatic weapons do not bleed, die, frag their officers, become addicts, or write revealing letters home. Throughout Indo-China, they have come to comprise a new kind of military might which is at once awesome and indiscriminate. "All that we know," said one U.S. Special Forces member, "is that something is out there. It could be wind, an elephant or an enemy soldier. We really have almost no idea what we are shooting at."

Senator William Proxmire put it even more succinctly: "The sensors cannot tell the difference between soldiers, women or children... Whole villages may be wiped out by seeding wide areas with air dropped explosive devices designed to kill anyone who ventures into their neighborhood."

Yet tens of thousands of these mini-bugging devices have been dropped throughout Southeast Asia as part of the Air Force's operation Igloo White over the Ho Chi Minh Trail. The operation was described by Brigadier General William John Evans (Special Assistant for Sensor Exploitation, Air Force) as "...entirely air supported; it involves no ground forces." Senator Proxmire has called the effort a "seismic and acoustic Christmas tree."

When the sensors are activated by either seismic or acoustic disturbance, they transmit radio signals to a relay platform (usually an EC-211R) which flies overhead 24 hours a day. In case NLF or North Vietnamese soldiers walk too quietly in a bugged area, the Pentagon has purchased millions of "button bomblets," disguised as animal droppings, which snap, crackle, and pop if they are walked on.

In the relay aircraft the data is processed by computer. Although it is possible to analyze the data

on board and call in air-strike directly, the information is usually relayed to the Air Force's Infiltration Surveillance Center in Nakhon Phanom, Thailand.

There, in Thailand, the Air Force's huge IBM 360-65 computer stores previously gathered intelligence in data banks. When new information comes into the Center, the activation patterns of the sensors in the fields are immediately reproduced by high speed print-out. Up-dated target sketches of the area in which the sensors have been placed can also be called up on a TV screen and mixed with the new information. In a matter of seconds after sensors activation, analysts can watch the movement of people, bicycles or trucks on a screen as they move down a trail. Computers determine their numbers speed and position regardless of weather, foliage or time of day.

The Thai computer "nerve center" (which cost \$625 million to operate during 1969-1970) relays strike orders to B-52s, gunships or fighter-bombers at their bases in Thailand, Vietnam or on the carriers of the 7th fleet. According to one Air Force officer, "We wired the Ho Chi Minh Trail like a drug-store pinball machine and we plug it in every night."

The strike orders which are relayed to attack aircraft, are fed into their on-board computers. This programming enables them to fly directly to the target with no need for further navigation. In fact, the pilot need not even see the target or the ground. If it is night-time or overcast, the computers make an automatic release of weapons at the proper moment. As General Evans explained, "Using area-type ordnance (anti-personnel and fragmentation bombs), excellent results have been

attained with this blind-bombing method."

An Agence France Presse correspondent who recently journeyed down the Ho Chi Minh Trail described these "excellent results."

"On each side of the road," he reported, "there are heaps of scrap metal, pieces of aircraft, the containers of anti-personnel bombs, empty munitions casings, 37 mm. cannon shells, detonated anti-personnel mines.... At certain points it is impossible to walk on the sides of the road."

"You sink up to your knees in an impalpable dust, the earth having become dust under the impact of the bombs and incendiary weapons... When the monsoon comes, that dust turns to mud and slides onto the roads... Nothing lives in this dust, not even crickets. Only man is resisting it."

With such an electronic battlefield, the war in Indochina will be able to continue long after the last U.S. soldier dies and the last American leaves. Sensors will continue to feed data to the fighter-bombers and the B-52s which will rain destruction down on the silent land below. Aircraft will take off without publicity or fanfare from U.S. bases in Thailand the 7th Fleet in the South China Sea to wage an ultimately depersonalized war of electronic machines against people.

The strategy is simple, if unspoken in public either in Washington or Saigon. Withdrawal will mean the end of death for Americans, but not for the Indochinese. Nixon's withdrawal has turned out to be what Colonel David Hackworth, the most decorated U.S. officer on active duty, has called "a public relations man's dream."

VETS statement

(the following statement was issued by the Indiana Veterans Movement at their organizing meeting at Muncie on August 21-22, 1971.)

We, the veterans of Indiana, finding ourselves caught up in a world where the gap between what is and what could be widens, have united in body and spirit in common cause to narrow this gap.

In what could very well be man's last chance to out-sprint the nuclear machine of destruction, we view our time as no longer a confine of each present living human spirit but of mankind as a whole.

With this kept in mind, our goals must be far-reaching, our energies spent of great magnitude, but above all our dedication must be viewed as not just a struggle for change, but born out of the realities of the times, truly a struggle for life itself.

As the first step in this struggle, we will meet in convention at Ball State University, Veterans Day Weekend October 23 & 24. This statewide convention will deal with not only the problems besetting the returning vets, but will address itself to many of those ills now confronting man as a whole.

Among those topics to be discussed are: 1) voting representation and membership fees; 2) the draft; 3) the Coffee House in Indianapolis, and the percentage of contribution from the state organization to be given to the Coffee House for operational expenses; 4) helping returning veterans to a peacetime economy. That a committee be established to set up guidelines in assisting the returning vets; 5) the abolition of less than honorable discharge; 6) Cairo, Illinois; 7) alliances with other organizations.

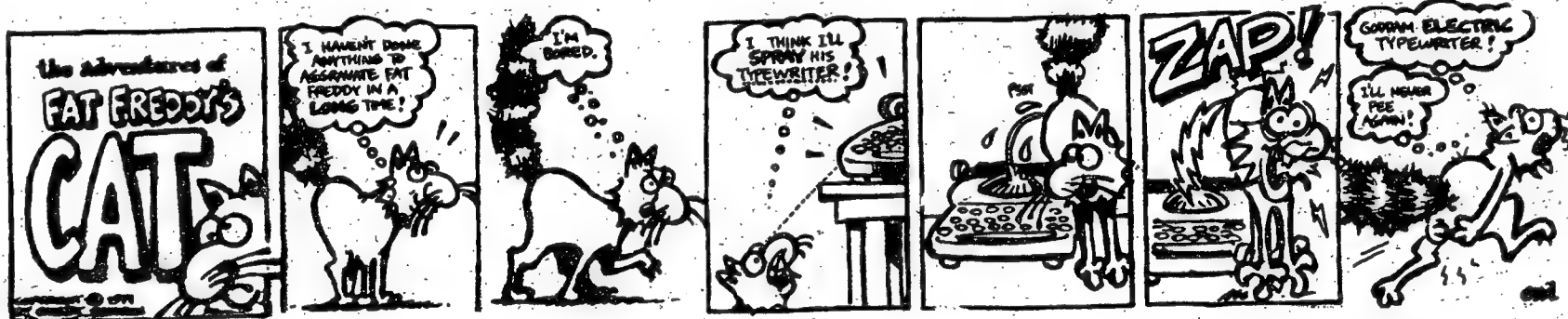
If there are any questions or needs for clarification, contact any of the following by phone or letter:

Veterans for Peace
Ball State University
Box 271
Muncie, Indiana
285-7631

Indianapolis Veterans for Peace
787-8874 or 283-7668

Vietnam Casualty Farm
150 Terwillinger Rd.
Deep Creek,
Chesapeake, Va. 23323

The south Virginia Vietnam vets against the war would like to extend some hospitality to those who have been ripped off by Uncle Sam and have not gotten over it. We have a 100-acre farm that is half forest and offer the opportunity to Viet casualties the chance to return to nature and away from the hassle. We have lots of animals and a super garden. You can do your own thing or do what you want with us. We'll put you up until you figure out what your thing'll be. Call or write:



STUDENT DELEGATION VISITS VIETNAM PART II

(Editor's note: On August 25, Huynh Tan Mam, a 26-year-old medical student, and popular leader of Saigon's 40,000 university students will be tried for treason along with 21 other students. Mam has a history filled with arrests and torture, resulting from his part in leading the South Vietnam Students in protests against their government.

In late July, an eight-member delegation left New York for Saigon, with the initial intention of witnessing Mam's trial and investigating and exposing student repression in the city. Mam's trial, which had been scheduled for July 27, was postponed; but the group, mostly students and other anti-war groups, as well as U.S. ambassador Elsworth Bunker. They came back two weeks later with stories to tell, not only about student repression but about the whole Saigon situation.

The following interview with Peggy Davies and Marijean Reynolds tells about their activities in Saigon and their impressions.)

Peggy: It just seems like there's so much we could say. The whole scene at the courthouse, while we were waiting there. It's basically really poor people that are hauled in for things like "disturbing public security."

Marijean: They were probably at a meeting with more than three people.

Peggy: We watched this one scene with a man and his small children. We couldn't get the entire story, but it seemed like his wife had been convicted and thrown in prison. This man came out and completely broke down with his three small children there with him. We just sat observing the grief of these people coming out of these trials that last about three minutes

with five or six people each time. None of them had any lawyers or any kind of defense. Just observing what's happening to these people, it's horrifying when you realize that it's our money that's doing it and it's our involvement there and it's our backing of the regime that's in power that's really doing this to these people.

DO YOU THINK THAT THE VIETNAMESE THINK THAT ANY OTHER REGIME WOULD BE BETTER THAN THIEU'S—LIKE BIG MINH?

Marijean: I got the impression that the students support Big Minh. I don't think they saw him as great. I don't think they saw any of the presidential candidates as great leaders.

We saw Thieu drive down the street one day, and they completely cleared the streets of any Vietnamese about five or ten minutes before he arrived. And then he's well protected in the front and back with bulletproof vests and motorcycle police, and soldiers with bulletproof vests.

Peggy: It's interesting how they're using Ky at this point. Because Ky seems to be in contact with the students, which really surprised me.

We got the impression that people are using him in a way. Because I think—just my own political observation—Ky knows that there's going to be a coup, whether it's going to be right after the election, or right after the Americans withdraw. As long as he stays with Thieu, he's just as dead as Thieu is. I think he is smart enough to realize this and he is using this oppor-

tunity to get a little backing with the people, so that he won't be killed. It's an easy way out for him, out of the whole political scene.

Politically, Thieu can't repress him. There's no way that Ky could be thrown in jail for speaking out against the government. So he doesn't have the kind of fear of the government, which Minh would have if he spoke directly against Thieu. The people are kind of using him and his position to speak out against Thieu, and he's using them as a kind of security for himself.

But they did mention a few times how good it was that Ky had been speaking out against Thieu, because nobody else could. And he's saying good things, and talking a lot to the American press and the Western press, about the corrupt government he's been working with. The students don't in any way absolve him of the sins of that government, but I think they may be making a little compromise.

DID YOU SUGGEST THAT THERE WOULD BE A COUP AFTER THE ELECTION?

Peggy: I'm not sure that they would be able to pull off a coup right away. While we were there, there was a lot of talk, in a hopeful manner, but until they get the strong backing of the police behind them I don't think they will be able to pull one off.

Marijean: Well, until they get the Americans out who really control it... The Americans really could insure a fair election, if they wanted to. We asked Bunker about this, and he said of course, we hope that there will be fair elections.

Peggy: He said, "We told Thieu it had to be a fair election... But we don't want to get involved in their internal affairs."

Marijean: In fact, Minh said that the Americans could insure fair elections, and that if the elections were fair, which nobody thinks, obviously, Thieu could never be reelected.

Peggy: Thieu's relationship with Bunker was very interesting. Bunker told us that he had requested two or three meetings with Thieu and Thieu wrote back and said he was ill. The U.S. press corps said that he's ill like Kissinger was ill, and that he just doesn't want to see Bunker. It seems like Thieu knows that he's got the U.S. over a barrel. Unless the U.S. decides to withdraw immediately, Thieu is really running the show.

Marijean: The American role is obvious—practically on every street corner. The police force has been built up six times in the past few years. There's just incredible amounts of American aid that go to the public safety program, to the police. So that the police state is pretty much controlled and contributed by the U.S.

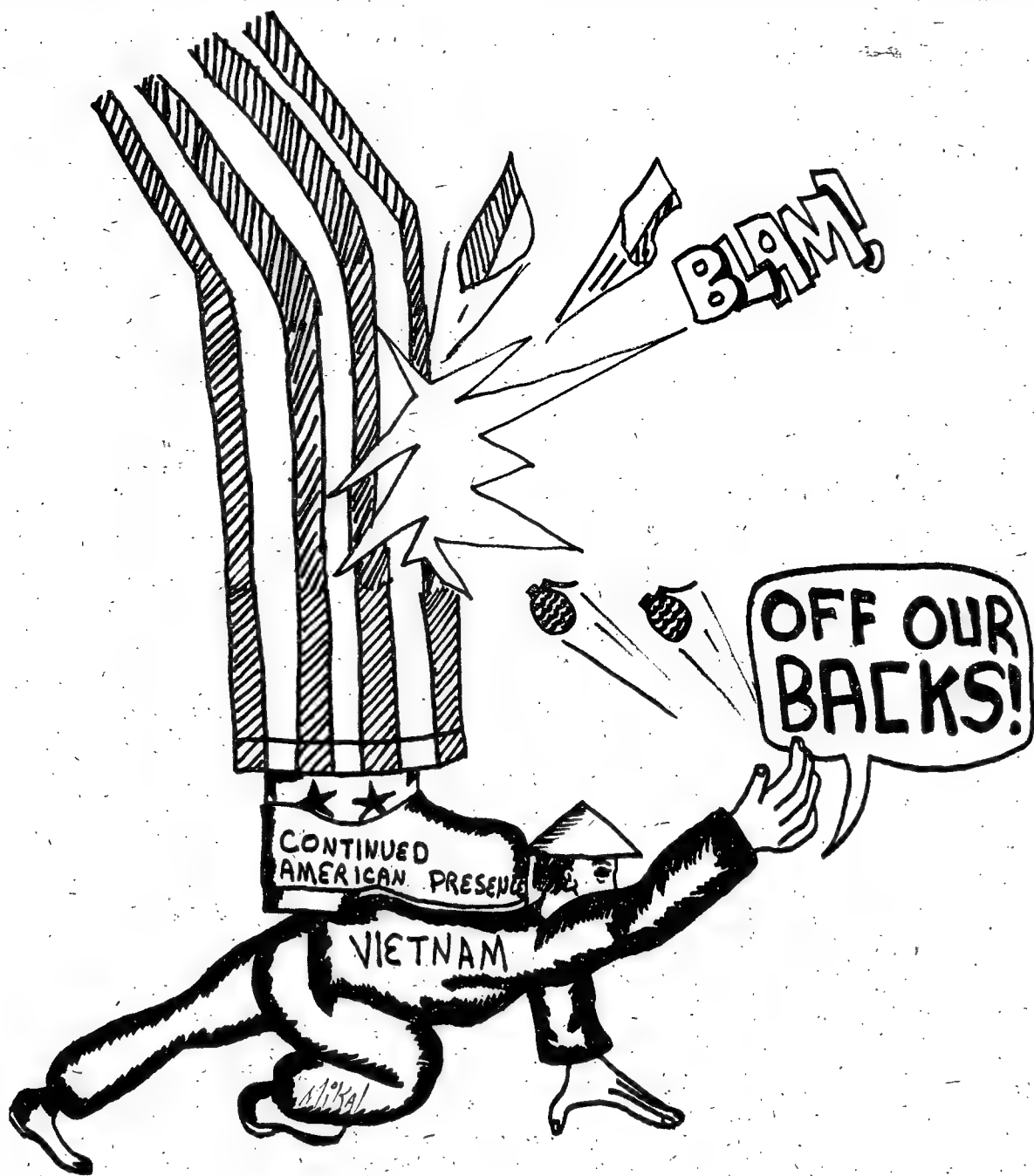
Peggy: One piece of trivia—the prison Reform Committee told us that there are more prisons in Saigon than there are schools—that's including the universities, elementary and high schools.

Marijean: There are more than 100,000 people in prison right now in South Vietnam, and the thing is that you can't get an accurate record of who's in prison, because they don't keep records. We asked them what they were going to do to get the students who had been arrested out, and they said they didn't know. If students aren't seen then you just assumed they've been arrested or killed.

Peggy: Most of the families don't know whether their children are in jail, what jail they're in, or what's happening.

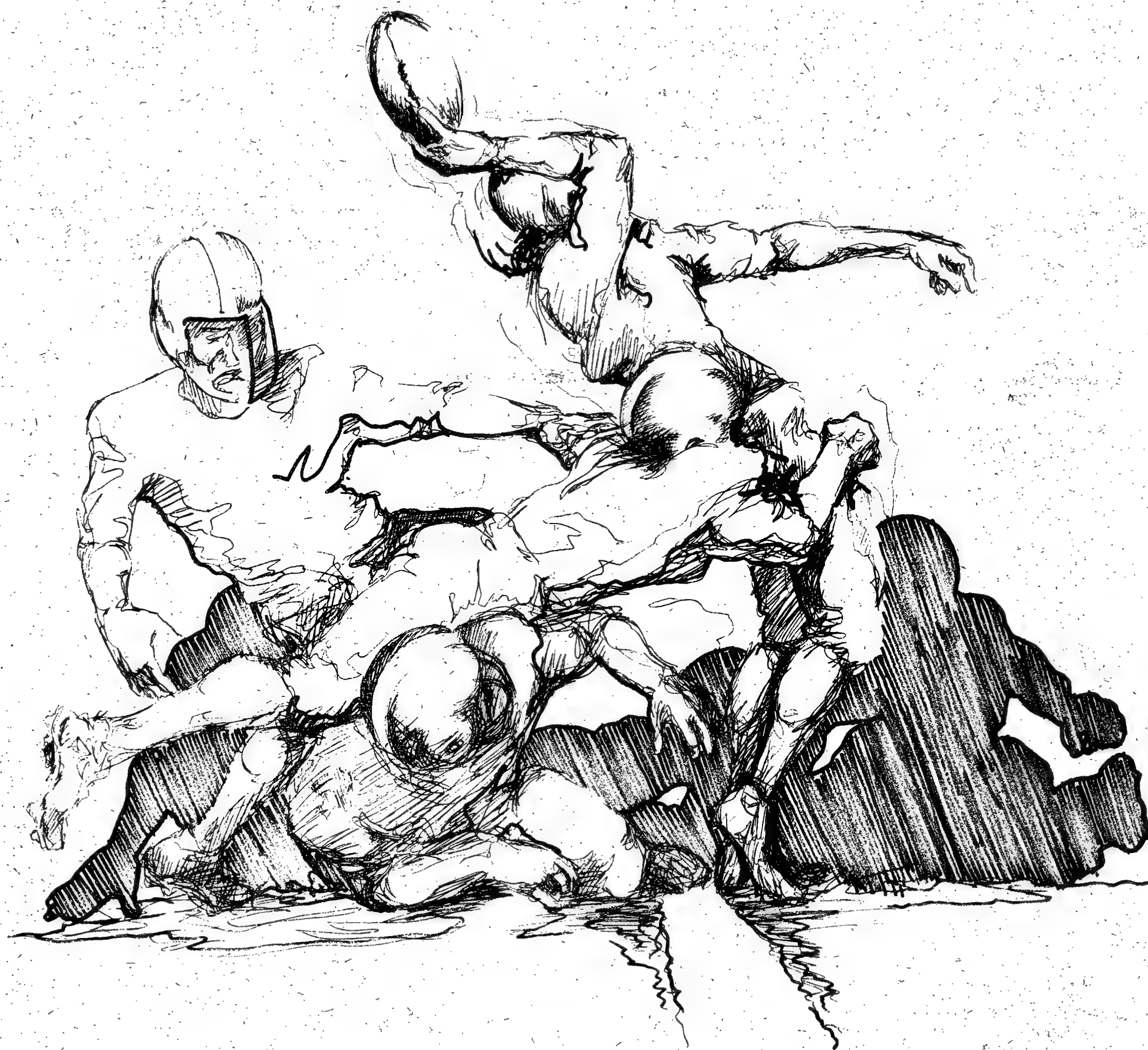
When the students were arrested in connection with us, a lot of our concern was because most students are tortured when they're arrested, into admitting they're VC agents. They told us that there was one hospital in Saigon which treats prisoners after being tortured, and that's all. Prisoners who are unconscious because of torture.

Marijean: I think they do it mostly to revive them, so they can bring them back and torture them again. Some of the stories the ex-prisoners told us—about the American advisors observing torture, giving advice. The torture were just incredible—very technically advanced—torture that really hurts, practically kills you, and leaves no trace. And you keep thinking of how most of the people in the U.S. oppose the war—oppose it because American boys are being shot, and it's hurting our economy.



Grass Roots

FOOTBALL



A game You probably missed because you are here

A lot of things come down, but the Star-News doesn't cover them. Every weekend, we are bombarded with sports—from the high schools, the nearby colleges and maybe even the local pro teams.

But if you don't play for one of these media teams, you can forget about ink.

Take for example the Grassroots Football League. There are four teams from Indy in this league. There also teams from Muncie, Anderson, Hamilton, Ohio and Brighton, Mich.

They get together and play over the weekends. They don't get any money, so they don't get much coverage.

Call the Star-News or call the radio and TV stations and ask about coverage. They'll laugh.

But this football is not a laughing matter to the players.

Let's zero in on one team: the Cougars, last year's champs. This year, as the coach and the players tell it, they haven't been getting the "breaks" and watching one of their games bears this out. Penalties at the wrong time, some not even deserved. A fumble or an interception. There goes the game.

This year, the Cougars are at .500, having won three, lost three and tied one.

But they care about the game. For some it is a way of staying young. For other guys, single guys, it gives them something to do.

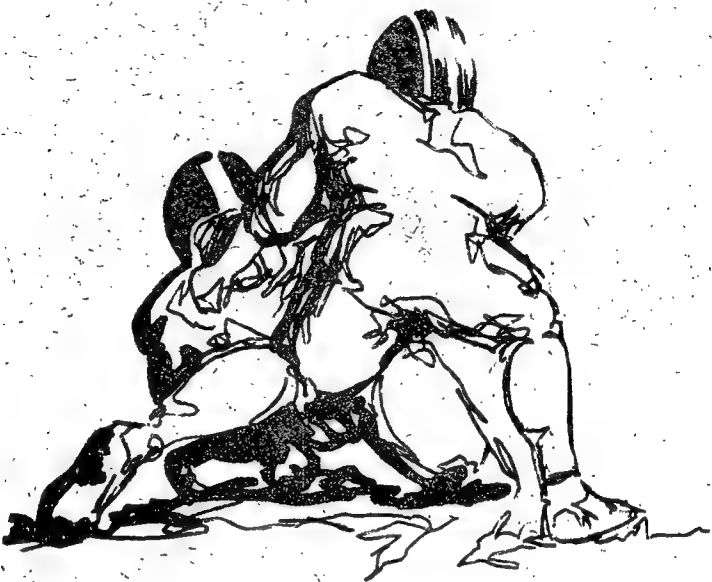
Late in September, the team had to journey to Brighton for a game. Being the only team in the league without a sponsor, the team members had to fork over the cash to charter a bus.

They did and they won.

In the first week in October, they had a showdown game with their nemesis, the Raiders, also from Indy.

The game was played on Shortridge Field, near Butler University. A few hundred fans were in the stands to watch some real football, instead of being mesmerized and sterilized by the instant replays of network-fed college and pro ball.

When you walk along their bench and see the Cougars, you find that most of them are not superhumans. They are built on a masculine scale, but not super-brute.



It's the end of the first half and the Raiders hold an eight-point lead. Mike Ross has been keeping the offensive and defensive statistics. He is 28 now and says he is too old to go out and play. Ed McDowell is the coach. He inherited the job after last year's coach split town to take a job in Florida. Ed is a teacher and a basketball and track coach at Tech. He is walking around asking the players if anyone is injured.

McDowell takes the team to the south end of the field and starts talking to them, reminding them of some of the basics.

Pete Iaria, one of last year's Capitols, Indy's minor league franchise that folded, is faking some kickoffs.

The rest of the players listen to McDowell.

But it doesn't go well in the second half. Turnovers, some unbelievable calls, a safety. Suddenly, the game ends and the Raiders win 22-0.

"It's been that way all year," Tom O'Donnell, a defensive lineman, tells you. "We had them the first time we played them this year, but they came from behind and pulled it out by a TD with four minutes to go."

Others tell you about the "popping", the feeling of contact, and the way they were held up by another lineman or how they had to bull past them.

There is a feeling that this is important, not for the money but for the knowledge that you have a skill that few other people have.

Two days a week, these men, most in their early or middle twenties, come to Shortridge Field. Starting at 7 p.m., they go through the basics—first calisthenics and then the scrimmage. On the weekends, they play.

Their equipment comes from Indiana University, Purdue University, some from the old Cap franchise and any sporting goods dealer they can con out of pads and helmets.

Equipment is not cheap.

What do they do when they are not holding their ground on the field. They do a lot of everything. Some teach school, others are salesmen, some work in various construction jobs. They do what all their contemporaries do and a little more because they come out and give football a try after the glory of high school and college has passed.

Some of them have played with the Caps; most have not. They received their training, at least seven of the 40-man, squad in college; the rest are from high school teams now only memories.

The referees they get come from the Indiana High School leagues, but the rules of the Grassroots leagues mix pro, college and high school rules.

As can be expected the debates are numerous. Like the one on the Raider kickoff when the ball went out of bounds. Supposedly college and pro rules apply in this situation, the Raiders should have been penalized five yards and made to kick again.

The refs didn't call it that way. McDowell and the Cougars howled. The decision stood.

The ball was placed at the 25 and first down, 10 yards to go.

At a game like this, you can talk to the players. They don't turn fans away. They like to talk, but very few people want to listen.

It would be unfair to say the newspapers in this town have totally ignored this brand of football.

There have been a few stories, generally



centering around the achievements and derring-do of the Raiders. You have to understand the Raiders have a lot of old Caps and the sports writers need to keep up their contacts, so that next season—well you know the rest.

The Cougars might have done more. They did play well. Their leading scorer was tied up at an open house at the school he teaches in.

He missed the "popping" and so did a lot of other people because very little has been said about it.

Football is a sport meant to be played and not just watched.

If you are interested in more information about league, call or stop by the Indianapolis Leadership Commission, 130 W. Walnut and ask for Jim Harris. He'll give you a story that the newspapers won't. He can also be reached by telephone; for all the Star-News sports writers, the number is 636-1431.

KUNSTLER (cont.)

true because we counted the hostages as late as 7 Sunday night and there were 38. That was exactly right--there had been 39, one had gone out with a heart attack.

THE STRAIGHT PRESS PICKED ON AN "EXTREMIST DEMAND" ABOUT PRISONERS WANTING TO BE TRANSPORTED TO A NON-IMPERIALIST COUNTRY. THEY ALSO SEEMED TO THINK YOU'EGGED THE PRISONERS ALONG ON THAT DEMAND.

There were a couple hundred who kept stressing they wanted transportation to a non-imperialist country but that was voted down. I wasn't presented a collective demand. Some people would take the mike and say they looked at themselves as political prisoners and they wanted to get out to a non-imperialist country. That was sympathized with and discussed for a time but it was never advanced to the authorities.

Before I went into the prison I met with a number of New York Panthers. They indicated they had been in contact with four countries through Panther headquarters in Algeria who said the Attica prisoners could start a new life there. These countries are Algeria, North Vietnam, North Korea and the Republic of the Congo (Brazzaville). I told them only because a member of the Central Committee had brought it up and gave me a specific request to find out about it. I told the prisoners if they ever got out of prison they could go to these countries.

LETTERS (cont.)

I'm told by some once I get to a bonafide prison, I'll be able to get almost any literature short of pornography and be able to have visits from anyone except my codefendants. It's a slender thread of consolation. My real options are (when I have the courage to face them): to become an expert in gin rummy or the grand master of postal chess. There really isn't much else. I haven't hope of beating the rap. When I asked Crain (his lawyer) whether I faced five or fifty, he said with a frown, I'd better figure fifty. John, I don't think I'm strong enough. I think sometimes I have much love for some people and beliefs, but I also know that my response to my environment is that of a pragmatic animal. I seek to satisfy my basic needs...not hunger or shelter from a hostile nature, but the soft voice of a woman, the laughter of a shared friend...these are my basic needs!

I watched the spectacle of the Army-Navy football game on TV today. The closeups of the faces sent shudders through me. Strong, crew-cut young men and obedient young women. Uniformed. Cheering. Mad. Completely mad. Camera cutouts of General Westmoreland. It was a scene I lived twenty years ago. If my personal despair is reading the signs accurately, we're in for very rough times. Maybe will all be together soon. Somehow, Hope not.

.....In Pilgrims Progress, Mr. Valliant for truth says he will keep his scars as a witness that he has fought his battles. My new residence I take to be just new scars. Since I'm not allowed to write about the institution and I can't have my books or newspapers there's very little I have to say. Not that there isn't

a wealth of valuable experiences here. If folks outside could see the conditions under which amerika forces its misfits to exist, I'm sure many would be able to realize the brutal indifference that exists all the way up through the system.

If it's true "you are what you eat" I will emerge from a test tube. The comestibles are under contract to Dupont I'm sure. It's expedient and it saves the taxpayer oodles of money.

..I still have much unchecked fury but when I see so many black men in circumstances far worse than mine I try to relate to that and come out okay. One thing is certain: inspite of the high racial tension (or perhaps because of it) when I emerge to whatever sunlight is left in this world I will not be a honky anymore.

Dec. 25, 1970

.....I'm in keeplock for the third time in as many months. This will be a 10-day stretch maybe more. It's better now though; I'm in C Block with a door and a window. It's quiet and I can control the heat. The "food" that's passed through the door I relay to the wierd creatures who gather at the wind-sill. They're the mangiest critters you ever saw. About half the size of crows, brownish-gray. The snow is deep and it's really cold and they shiver so pathetically. Maybe they're a special genus who exist only around prisons. It's for sure they couldn't survive without inmates feeding them.Naturally, I'm spending time with my body. It's not sure enough yoga, but the control I'm gaining gives me much confidence. Sometimes my knees and ankles absolutely refuse any cooperation. But I keep right on them, cursing and forcing them to make love with my back muscles. With a lot of imagination, I can even get a little turned on tickling my nose into the scrotum. (cont. on p. 5)

Poor Georgie.

One day Georgie Soloway jumped off a penthouse, fell in love in an empty theater, raced down a ski slope, circled Manhattan in his private jet, and tried to find some creep who put him down to every girl he liked.



Dustin Hoffman
"Who is Harry Kellerman
and why is he saying those
terrible things about me?"

"ONE OF THE
BEST TIMES
I'VE HAD AT
THE MOVIES
THIS YEAR!"
—Gene Shalit,
Look Magazine

A CINEMA CENTER FILMS PRESENTATION
Barbara Harris Jack Warden David Burns Dom DeLuise
Screenplay by LEO GARDNER. Based on the LEO GROSSBAUM play with LEO GROSSBAUM.
COLOR BY DE LUXE. Music and Lyrics by SHEL SILVERSTEIN. A NATIONAL GEMINI FILMS RELEASE. G.P.

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Food and nutrition

You are what you eat



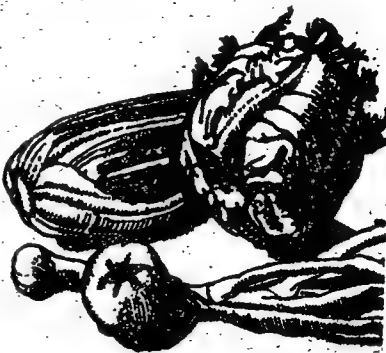
What do you eat? What do you think happens to when you eat? We have begun to realize that our ignorance about nutrition is one of the most staggering examples of the extent to which we are alienated from our bodies.

Sometimes we eat whatever seems to be the fastest, cheapest, and most convenient. When we have more time we are apt to think about who we would like to share a meal with and what kind of food would taste good. But most of us have almost no understanding of what happens to food after we swallow it. Much of the food we eat becomes part of our bodies. After being chemically broken down by the process of digestion, the food is absorbed by the bloodstream and carried to every part of the body, where it nourishes and repairs tissue and provides a source of energy. When we are asleep and seemingly inactive, complex chemical, electrical, and physiological activities are still being carried out, all of which require energy.

Learning about foods and our bodies nutritional needs is an important form of preventative medicine. Malnutrition is not just a disease of poverty. Many people are able to spend a great deal of money on food and are poorly nourished. They eat refined and processed foods which are largely devoid of nutrients but are loaded with chemical additives and preservatives, which may be poisonous. Not only is the body deprived of what it needs but it has to expend energy neutralizing harmful substances.

In the extreme a diet without nutrients can lead to serious illness. Young children, pregnant women, and older people show the effects of an inadequate diet most dramatically. There are many people who suffer from chronic minor complaints such as headaches, fatigue, stomach and intestinal disturbances which can be linked to poor diet. There are some who say that any malfunction in the body can be attributed to a poor diet.

In the field of nutrition everyone seems to have her own theory from macrobiotics to anything goes. Somewhere between these poles lies a health giving diet. We do know that there



is a mammoth food industry which processes our food for profit. Refusing to buy devitalized, plasticized is a political act in itself. America's agricultural, industrial, complex pours tons of nitrate fertilizers and hard pesticides into the environment every year. This pollution is stripping our soils and choking our waterways, aside from direct damage to our bodies. Our steers are fattened on drugs and female hormones, our chickens never touch the earth, much less run with a rooster, the food industry operates with total

disregard for the balance of life on our earth, and to buy their products is to be an accomplice to that rape. Hit them in the pocketbook: if we create a market for crops and meats grown with the respect for the rhythms of nature, there has to be some response.

It is hard to put what we know about nutrition into practical terms. Doctors are trained to cure diseases not induce health and most of them know very little about nutrition and virtually nothing about food.

At first we will have to build on what we know and add a little blind faith. For a start, we put to gether some information on the nutrients our bodies need and what we hope will be a practical guide to whole some food sources and where and how to buy them.

There are six basic classes of nutrients which the body needs: carbohydrates, proteins, fats, water, minerals and vitamins.

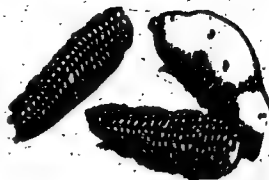


Carbohydrates are the chief source of energy for the body. In food they occur as starches, sugars, and cellulose. During digestion, starches and sugars are broken down into simple sugars that are easily absorbed by cells. Cellulose by itself is indigestible but it is essential as bulk to stimulate the muscular contractions of the intestines and bowels. Carbohydrates are some of the few nutrients almost every American gets enough of, most get too much. Fruits, vegetables, grains, and sugars are all forms of carbohydrates. When too many carbohydrates are eaten the excess glucose is converted by the liver into fats and stored as fatty tissues. Fat can be converted back into glucose if more energy reserves are needed.

Proteins are a basic component of the body. Proteins are made of amino acids which are nitrogen compounds. There are twenty two naturally occurring amino acids. The body can synthesize all but eight of these. These eight essential amino acids must be supplied through the diet. Proteins containing the essential amino acids in generous amounts are called complete or adequate proteins. In the table below 70-80 gm. of protein a day represents a rich protein supply.

Source	Amt.	Gm. protein
soy flour	1 cup	60
wheat germ	1/2 cup	24
brewers yeast	1/2 cup	50
powder skim milk		
instant	2/3 cup	18
non instant	2/3	35
egg	1	6
milk whole skim	1 qt.	35
cottage cheese	1/2 cup	20
soybeans cooked	1/2 cup	20
meat fish fowl	1 serving	16

Fats are the most important form of energy storage. Fats are broken down during digestion into glycerine and fatty acids. The body can make most of these fatty acids from sugar even if no fat is eaten but there are three fatty acids which must be supplied through the diet. The principle sources of these are natural vegetable oils -- corn, safflower, soybean.



Water makes up 60% of our bodies. We are constantly losing water through the lungs, skin, kidneys and intestines which must be replaced. Normally we ingest enough water automatically. When we lose too much water the sodium concentration rises, we feel thirsty and drink. Dehydration is usually only a serious problem when fluids are drastically depleted as in the case of high fevers, uncontrolled diarrhea or severe burns.

Vitamins are nutrients which perform vital and specific functions in cells and tissues. They cannot be synthesized by the body. Vitamins are usually grouped into fat soluble (A, D, E, K) and water soluble (C and B complex) vitamins. Fat soluble vitamins can be stored in the body where as water soluble vitamins must be ingested regularly.

Minerals comprise a small but essential percentage of body tissues. The basic minerals which the body needs are calcium, phosphorus, sodium, magnesium, iron and iodine.

Recipe for good health: All ingredients can be purchased at your local natural foods store



PEOPLE'S ARMY GRANOLA

- 2 1/2 cups rolled oats
- 1 1/2 cups sesame seeds
- 1 cup shredded coconut
- 1 1/2 sunflower seeds
- 1 cup wheat germ
- 1 cup chopped almonds
- 1 cup chopped cashews
- 3 handfuls flour whole grain, rye, or whole wheat
- 3 tbs. safflower oil
- 1 cup honey

Preheat oven to 275° F. Put oil and honey into saucepan and heat over low flame until bubbles form on top. While this is heating place the remaining ingredients in a shallow baking pan or cookie sheet. Mix well. Slowly pour the honeyoil over these ingredients and stir with a spoon so that everything is slightly moistened. Place in oven and bake for 1-2 hours stirring every 15 minutes until brown and crunchy. Serve hot or cold. (This cereal can be stored) with milk and lots of fresh fruit.



SMASH THE STATE FRUIT SALAD

- 8 maraschino cherries
- 8 oranges
- 1 pineapple
- 1/2 coconut shredded
- 6 bananas
- sugar or honey 1/2-1 cup

Peel oranges and divide into sections. Peel pineapple and dice into large cubes. Peel bananas and cut into 1/8" round sections. Shred coconut. Mix together add and sugar or honey (honey sometimes overpowers the taste of the fruit). The amount of sugar or honey depends on your taste. Cover and put in refrigerator to chill.



LOW LENTILS

- 3 cups water
- 1 1/2 cups lentils
- 1 pinch of cloves
- 1 small chopped onion
- 1 clove garlic
- 2 tspns. salt
- 2 tbs. molasses
- 1 tbs. vinegar
- 2 tbs. oil

Wash lentils and dump into boiling water. Add onion, cloves, garlic and salt. Cook until done, adding water as necessary. Two minutes before removing from fire add remainder of ingredients. This recipe makes lentils taste really good, fantastic when stoned.

Thanks to Off Our Backs for the contents of this article



FIGHTING MOTHER BELL

By the Youth International Party
The Bell System is the biggest ripoff monopoly in the world. It charges exorbitant, ever-increasing rates and collects taxes for the war machine. It treats its employees like robots requiring operators to raise their hands to ask permission to go to the bathroom and paying pensions to employees who retire after 40 years that are less than welfare checks.

AT&T is the only company allowed to send up satellites via government rockets; Bell has exclusive rights to overseas call revenues.

When the operator says "65-cents for the first three minutes plus tax, sir," do you know how much tax you're going to pay? A few per cent, maybe, like a sales tax? Not quite. Fifteen percent! But of course this is not advertised as much as Bell being an "equal opportunity employer".

After one year of terrible business, so they said, the assets of AT&T mysteriously jumped from 43 billion to 49 billion dollars. General Motors has around 14 billion. Dan you dig it?

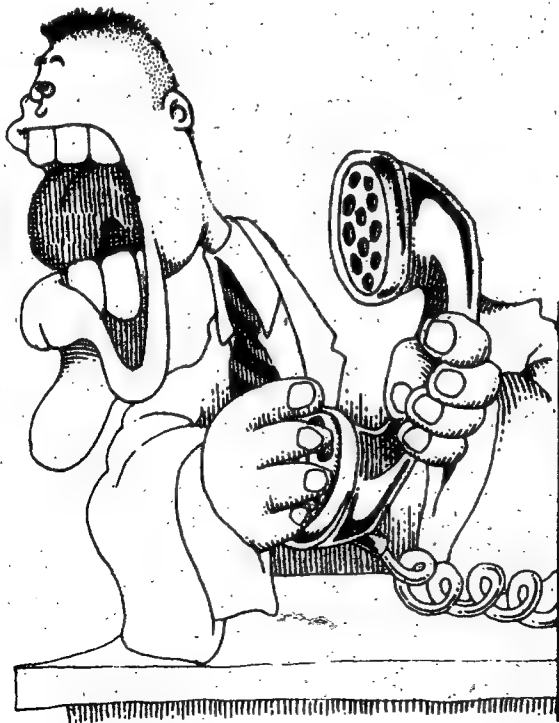
- But what can you do?

Well, for one thing, you can join our mailing list of phreaks (phone freaks) who want to protect our great country from itself. Regular newsletters crammed with goodies will be sent to all who are interested.

What are the goodies? The credit card system, updated info on it when it changes, how to support War Tax Resistance, how to install extension phones, complete plans for anti-bugging devices and others, how to rip off phone trucks, installing conference lines free, how to save money on all your calls, phone booth survival tips, recording phone calls for your protection and much, much more.

A year of newsletters (at least six) will cost you one dollar, but please help by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send letters and questions, cause we'll have a whole column to deal with them.

Our address is:
YIPL Rm. 504
152 W. 42nd St.
New York, N.Y. 100



LETTERS (cont.)

I work the guitar some. Not hearing the good sounds or playing with others is very limiting....
..... "The spirit is no avail against the sword, but the spirit together with the sword will always win out against the sword alone... And I am tempted to tell you that it so happens that we are fighting for fine distinctions, but the kind of distinctions that are as important as man himself. We are fighting for the distinction between sacrifice and outasite mysticism, between energy and violence, between strength and cruelty, for that even finer distinction between the true and the false, between the men of the future and the cowardly gods you revere."

June 20, 1971

(to the commissioner of corrections)

Dear Mr. Oswald,

I am in punitive segregation at Attica prison.

Chronology of event:

May 7: Moved without request from C Block porter to D Block State shop

May 10: interview with Mr. Pfeil to ascertain why I was moved. He said the warden thinks I am better supervised in D Block. I refuse to work until restored to C Block

May 12: Sentenced to 8-days keep-lock

May 21: Again refuse to work

May 22: Again refuse to work

June 4: Mr. Vincent sentences me to 30 days in punitive segregation with 15 days lost time.

June 15: When returning from exercise yard I am told to fold my arms for the first time, I refuse

June 21: Sentenced to 14 days keep-lock or until he conforms to rules.

I want to be restored to my former position as C Block porter and my lost time returned to me. If I am to remain in punitive segregation I want exercise privileges.

For the past several weeks, since shortly after I entered the box, I have had mild headaches almost daily. The doctor gave me a pill called HPC which didn't help. After a week I complained again and this time I received a small pink pill (enclosed). The doctor refuses to tell me what it is. These seemed to help for a while. During the past week, the intensity of the pained has increased. When I exercise my head pounds unbearably. The pills no longer help at all.

I went to sick call Aug 3 and told the doctor (Sternberg) I didn't want to keep taking the pills. That didn't seem to help much and that I thought I should have an examination. Sternberg said very scornfully other people are now doing my thinking for me, continue taking the pills and go back to my cell.

I protested, trying to control my anger. He cut me off saying my records indicate I was in good health when I entered prison. When I said that was nearly two years ago, he replied he knew when it was. He gave me a pass and told me to go to first aid. There my blood pressure was taken and I reported back to the doctor with a note stating my blood pressure. Sternberg said my blood pressure was normal and to continue taking the pills. He told the guard to escort me to the cell.

I have no history of this kind of thing and I'm a little worried. My head aches virtually all the time and any strenuous movement triggers a very heavy throbbing behind the eyes. And it's not exactly comforting to know the mortality rate of Attica rivals that of Bengla Desh

Presently in keep-lock (14-days) for demanding human treatment. The pigs say I was creating a disturbance in the messhall. Political people in at least three blocks have been busted this week for petty shit;

All rules are now strictly enforce. Attire, haircuts, lining up, no talking, no wearing hats-everything. You're busted for dispensing lit, meetings or staring at pigs. We are treated as dogs.

Don't wave your righteous finger at Mancusi and pretend you're shocked. Sue the motherfucker or better yet shoot him. But for Christ's sake do something.

Aug. 20, 1971

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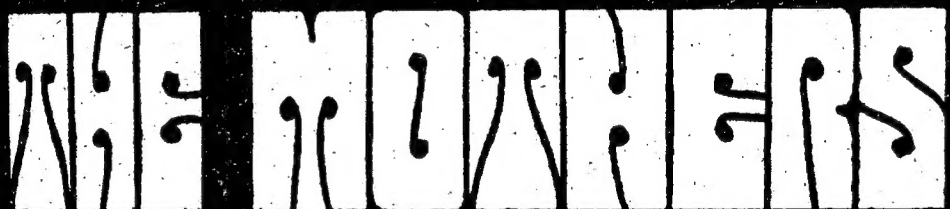
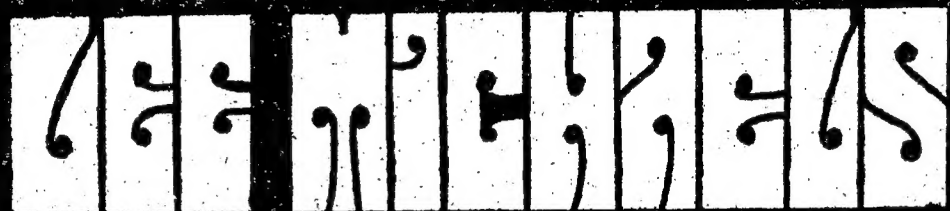
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A FRIEND

my gay soul

by Gary Alinder

A few weeks ago a Gay brother and I interviewed B.J. Beckwith, a lawyer who is the sort of Terrance Hallinan for the Gay community in San Francisco—when homosexuals are busted a lot of people hire him to defend them.

I asked Beckwith if he is Gay (he obviously is, but that's just my slanderous opinion—I can't prove it). He said, "If you're trying to get me to say I'm queer, I won't do it. What I do in bed is nobody's business." I wanted to scream. "Honey, I don't care what you do in bed, I just asked if you are Gay."

A few days later I was in a rap with some women who are heavy into Women's Liberation. "You zero in on sex, you always zero in on sex," they said.

I've been told the same thing by liberal homosexuals and straights alike, "what you do in bed is your business, do your thing." They are saying that Gay means SEX, nothing but sex.

Well, I am tired of the bone of being told what I am. I am Gay. Yes, yes my cock, my mouth and my asshole is Gay. So is my fingernail, my big toe, my nose and my brain. I am not Gay because of where I put my cock or who I sleep with. I am Gay because everything about me is Gay, because I am part of a Gay community.

I was Gay long before I admitted my homosexuality to myself, long before I ever had sex, long before I ever knew what sex was.

When I was 10, I played paper dolls with the girls and dug it; when I had to, I played baseball with the guys and didn't dig it.

When I was 13 a gang of four or five guys tormented me—all through junior high school. They called me a cock-sucker. I didn't know what it meant, but I knew it was the worst thing a guy could call another guy. They called me MRS. Alinder. They probably had homosexual fantasies and wanted to relate to me physically and the only way they could seem to do it was to provoke me to fight them. But I didn't. I was scared shitless.

There were five of them and I was alone.

I grew up on a farm in southern Minnesota and there you proved your masculinity in competitive athletics. I had too much self doubt to be any good in that. In high school I earned a bit of respect through journalism, theatre and art. But I was never the man I was supposed to be.

Don't get me wrong. I was not exactly a flaming faggot. I drove a tractor,

plowed the fields, tossed bales of hay into the hay loft and joined the Future Farmers of America.

I went to a small liberal arts college near my home for two years. It was a parochial, superstraight middle class place, everything based on a social pecking order of fraternities and sororities. Even the lowest fraternity—a bunch of creeps—didn't want me. Did I have B.O.? Bad breath? No. I was hipper and in some ways more together than they were. But I couldn't censor myself enough. My Gay self was showing through. And my Gay self was me. And every response I got from the world told me my Gay self was despicable. So I censored myself more, built higher and thicker walls around my soul and retreated deeper into my closet.

I had friends, other guys at the bottom. I was afraid to be seen on campus with them. I thought I would slip even lower. We were all Gay, but that would never be talked about, never be acted out. We were the outcasts but we were not together.

Two years later a good friend came out. At first I played straight; finally I admitted that I was Gay too. We had been friends since we were seven years old. But it was not until we were 23 until we could deal with what brought us together. Since then—although we live far apart—I've felt very close to that friend. We've been through a lot.

What separates me from the straight boy is not just the things we do in bed, but what our lives have been. When I meet an upfront Gay brother, I make a connection. I already know a lot about him.

I need to be together with other Gay men. We have not been together—we've not had enough self-respect for that. Isolated sex and then look for another partner. Enough of that, that's where we've been. Let's go somewhere else. Let's go somewhere where we can value each other as more than just a hunk of meat. We need to recognize one another wherever we are, start talking to each other. We need to say "Hi, brother" when we see each other on the street. We need consciousness raising groups. and communes.

Our Gay souls have nearly been stomped to death in that desert called America. If we are to bloom, we can only do it together.

I need you brother, because brother you are all I have.

(Re-printed from Gay Sunshine)

"Love It Or Leave It"
The New Exiles: American War Resisters in

Canada
by Roger Neville Williams
Liveright, New York. 1971. 401p. \$7.95.

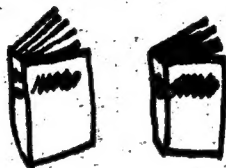
The Vietnam War decade and that great classic slogan a la bumper sticker, representative of neo-American Gothic, decorates, in concert with American flag decals, countless rear ends of American automobiles. "Love It Or Leave It," you gutless wonders! And leave they did, but as Williams demonstrates in his knowledgeable story of U.S. ex-patriates and ex-patriots in Canada, most have more than their share in guts...and an awareness that love of country does not necessarily equal the greater good.

William Sloane Coffin, Jr., in his forward to this book, calls it "heart-warming and heart rending," but he's off the mark with such sentiments. The author's reportage and the thirteen first-person accounts from a full range of exiles--draft evaders, deserters, vets--in fact chill the heart and clench it in an angry spasm.

The Vietnam War has produced more than 350,000 American casualties--killed, wounded, missing in action, prisoners of war. The 60,000 plus resisters in Canada must be counted among them, for they are lost to America's future just as surely as if they'd been killed or maimed.

Coffin's point about the unacceptability of unpleasant truth is more accurate. It creates a counter theme and forces the reader to at least face the feasibility of indictment regarding America's destructive involvement in Vietnam. The ruinous sojourn has now lasted more than a decade. The draft has recently been reinstated and returned to its powerful place in American diplomacy. It just may be that Coffin and Williams are right; that this unpla-

BOOK REVIEW



sant truth will carry on and continue to confront the faulty collective conscience of this nation.

This perception and a like attitude on the part of many exiles is summed up by Paul Petrie, a PhD. candidate in sociology and a Marine Corps deserter--"What I lost faith in, and it wasn't faith in the Marines because I had no faith in the Marines, was the U.S.. People in the states were unwilling or unable to see what was going on." They can justify indiscriminate bombing, napalm, defoliants, invasions into bordering countries. "What," wonders Petrie, "will they justify tomorrow?"

The book begins in a somewhat restrained fashion as it chronicles the history of resistance and the movement north. It pays dutiful homage to Toronto which long played a leading role in aiding the exiles. The city's Student Union for Peace Action began its war resister program in 1966. That was followed by the very effective Toronto Anti-Draft Program in late 1967.

Initially, the effort was directed at draft evaders, but as the war dragged on and the GI resistance grew, more and more deserters made their way across the border. In May 1969, Canada formally opened its doors to U.S. deserters by putting them on an equal basis with other potential immigrants.

Starting with chapter four, Williams allows the exiles to "tell it like it was" in their own words. Here is the real strength of the book. The reader gets the intellectual and visceral reactions to conscription, to combat in Vietnam, to life (or purgatory or hell) in the stockade, to awakening awareness, to the society which gave birth to these outlaws.

Here is the story of Buffy Parry's dramatic trip in a Hawaii church and his eventual escape to Canada. There is Lindy Blake's narrative of the "Presidio Mutiny," a horror tale in strobe light accompanied by the music of boots and clubs.

Not a comforting picture all in all.

Williams notes that many exiles are making valuable contributions to Canadian culture and economy. Many more are barely existing. He says that "a relentless consciousness drives many of the American war resisters in Canada into social service and youth organizations." Whether it's "relentless consciousness" or a need to take any available jobs isn't always quite clear. But the impression remains that the exiles have made a positive response to their new home, and it to them.

Williams tries to point out that Canada is not a land of milk and honey for the exiles, but he doesn't always succeed. The harshness and dislocation fade in comparison to the triumphs.

The book attempts to dispell certain myths, such as active collusion between the FBI and the Mounties. Williams stresses, rightfully, Canada's vigilant independence regarding its laws and

customs. Still, things come off looking too easy both for the resisters and the programs en toto. And one wonders if the U.S. has declined to employ clout or pressure for similar reasons that anti-utopian novelists provided escape-valve islands or reservations in their dictatorial societies of the future.

In some instances, Williams fails to philosophize at all while in others he philosophizes too much ("alienation on a full stomach is better than alienation on an empty one"). And at times he makes some blatantly erroneous assertions. For instance, "Anyone with moderate intelligence could get out of the draft." In a very callous way he's insulting vets, deserters, and others who have undergone the meatgrinder regardless of how energetically they tried to avoid it.

A principal fault is the book's length. In spots it becomes tedious. But the war has been painfully long and one book cannot hope to deal with all aspects of adverse reaction to it. Readers will have to turn to 365 Days, Turning the Gears Around and others. The burden may bludgeon the American conscience further into total resignation. We forget too quickly--witness My Lai.

But accept and learn we must, lest we lose another generation.

Can the exiles ever go home again? Many wouldn't accept amnesty because they're now committed to Canada. Also, the term connotes guilt; most wouldn't return unless they could be assured of complete repatriation with no stigma attached.

"Love It Or Leave It" is of course, a simplistic and irrational reaction to ultimate defiance of the system. Nevertheless, it implicitly denies the exiles their heritage, a reasonable doubt, and, socially if not legally, the right of return. Whether the country will ever repatriate them is not really the point, however. The focus is the future--for both the exiles and the U.S. They followed the beat of a different drum, and found it compelling and true. They stand as a poignant reminder to their parents and a precedent for future generations confronted by other Vietnams.

—LB

Steal This Book

by Abbie Hoffman

Steal This Book, by Abbie Hoffman and co-conspirator Izak Haber is perhaps the most appropriate title this book could possibly have. The title is appropriate dually; first because it encourages how to get through day-to-day living free. But more noticeably, after getting through the book once, it is quite evident that stealing the book is the best way to get your copy. It is in no way worth \$1.95, or any remote fraction thereof.

Much of the material contained in the book is truly localized and not of tremendous interest to those who wish an overall picture. The copy I have is a fourth printing with a 1971 copyright, yet it still lists the

old Indianapolis Free Press to be in business. Some may say that occurs in many publications, and truly it does. This is one reason why localization in an idea book is a poor way to fill space.

The general feeling I have after reading this book is that almost all the material covered is common knowledge. I am sure that anyone with real creativity and a true desire to screw the ordered system can come up with a better idea for free air travel than calling airlines, explaining that you are Mr. Davis' secretary, and would like tickets mailed to you and should be billed later. If Mr. Hoffman is truly interested in screwing the system he should have published sure fire ways, which he chooses to tell you exist and then keeps quiet about them. Granted, the airlines would move to correct them, but they would serve to stimulate creativity.

The lack of stimulation toward creativity is my main criticism of the book. This should be the sole basis for a book of this sort. Without being adaptable to individual needs, the book only depleats your already small income by \$2.00.

So as not to be entirely negative, the book as conceived, is a step in a direction that should be taken.

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Moratorium Oct. 13

ACTIVITIES IN EVERY CITY, TOWN & VILLAGE

We believe that the time has come when, to survive, America must turn around.

Our nation is being destroyed by the war, by poverty, by racism and by all other forms of political and social repression. These forces have divided the People of America more deeply than at any time since the Civil War. But we firmly believe that the energy, the imagination and, yes, the power is within the People to turn America around.

FOR THIS REASON, ON OCTOBER 13, AMERICAN PEOPLE PEOPLE IN EVERY VILLAGE, TOWN, CITY AND RURAL AREA ARE URGED TO STOP WORK, TO STOP SCHOOL, TO INTERRUPT ALL NORMAL ROUTINE, TO STOP BUSINESS AS USUAL. IN THIS MANNER WE CAN EFFECTIVELY TELL THE GOVERNMENT THAT IT MUST END THE WAR NOW AND

BEGIN TO MEET THE REAL NEEDS OF ALL THE PEOPLE— TO GUARANTEE FULL EMPLOYMENT AND AN ADEQUATE INCOME FOR ALL. AND, OF COURSE, TO DEMAND AN END TO ALL POLITICAL REPRESSION.

The People have the power to stop the war and to turn around America's priorities. But unless the People act together, we know from experience that the government will act, if at all, too late and too little.

But don't just take the day off and sit around the house. Get out and participate in or initiate activities in your community. Make it a day of learning for yourself and for others. Stand up and be counted with your fellow Americans against the continuance of this immoral war.



COMMUNITY BULLETIN, BORED?

magical  connection

STOP-OVER, a new phone and service for runaways. Emergency crashing with limited food, counseling and other help. Will act as go-between in family hassles where wanted. People who might want to help, either with housing or watching the phone, contact STOP-OVER; phone: 635-2538, 1535 Central and 120 E. Ohio (Home Hotel)

Gay Liberation general meetings and rap session every Sunday afternoon at 3 p.m., 2126 n. College. Positively every one is invited. Bring a friend or two.

Anyone having spare money around the house should contact grass roots, PO Box 225 for quick disposal.

A sanctuary for thinking/meditating/whatever is open to the public at 4729 North Broadway. Ask for Ruth or David. No talking aloud allowed.

Anyone who has cotton print scraps suitable for quilting that they don't need please contact Debbie Howard, 2440 N. Park, ph:926-4318.

Charles "Chuck" Upson, 6', 135 lbs., blond hair, brown eyes, 15 yrs. old. Parents are concerned. They will not plead or pressure him into coming home. Anyone who has any information as to Chuck's welfare, please contact the paper.



NATIONAL PEACE ACTION COALITION
150 Fifth Avenue, Room 911
New York, N.Y. 10011

Linda Y.— Please call home.
ME8-9980 Love, Dad

IMPORTANT PHONE NUMBERS

Legal Service Organization
of Indianapolis 632-2528
Indiana Civil Liberties
Union 635-4066
Planned Parenthood 634-8019
Marion County Jail 633-2958
Prisoner Information 633-5160
Welfare Rights Organ. 637-8576
Friends of Welfare Rights 786-1552
War Tax Resistance 546-7512
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Southern Christian
Leadership Conference 631-2384
Veterans for Peace 283-7668
787-8874

Indianapolis Area Draft-
G.I. Center 636-2168
Abortion Counseling 253-1929
Raphouse 923-8565
Stop-over 635-2538

from a child's garden of
verses...

when I was a
lad
I had
a dad

he got blown up in
the war and
I was forced hurriedly into
becoming a man.

--LB

hup, two, three, four!
the army's marching
back from war

hup, three, two, one!
it's off to fight
another one

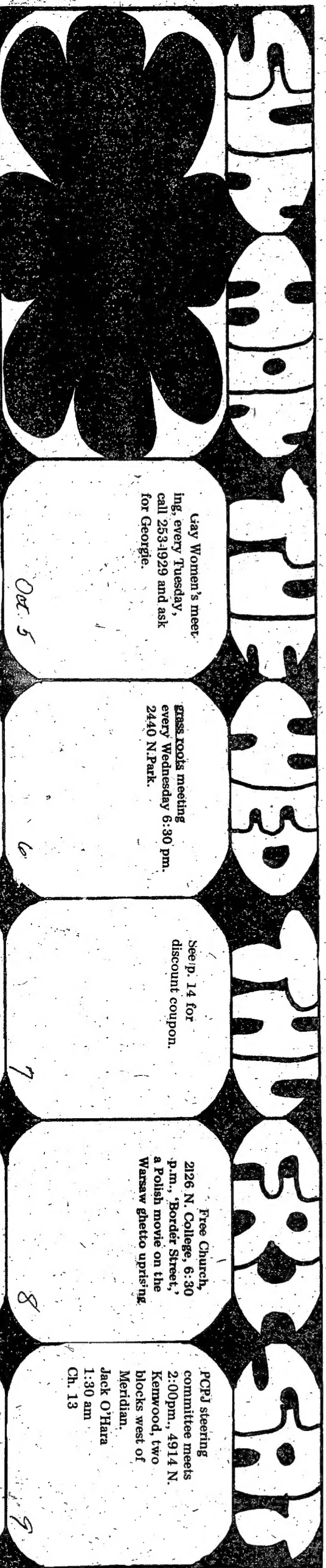
column, left!
commanders say
you'll be heroes
Saturday

column, right!
commanders cry
sending hundreds
off to die

column, halt!
comes the call
as mid the blasts
troopers fall

present--arms!
the war lord decrees
and limbs slough off
like autumn leaves.

--LB



Gay Women's meet-
ing, every Tuesday,
call 253-1929 and ask
for George.

Oct 5

Grass roots meeting
every Wednesday 6:30 pm.
2440 N.Park.

6

See p. 14 for
discount coupon.

7

Free Church,
2126 N. College, 6:30
p.m., 'Border Street',
a Polish movie on the
Warsaw ghetto uprising.

8

PCPJ steering
committee meets
2:00pm., 4914 N.
Kenwood, two
blocks west of
Meridian.
Jack O'Hara
1:30 am
Ch. 13

9

Gay Lib meeting
every Sunday
2126 College.

10

Buy a comic book
at the Doormouse.

11

Gay Women's meet-
ing every Tuesday,
call 253-1929 and ask
for George.
Hair 8:00pm.

12

Grass roots meeting
every Wednesday 6:30pm.
2440 N.Park.
National Moratorium
Day-- work stoppage;
no business as usual
Women's Liberation
pitch-in and meeting
2nd Wednesday of the
month at 2126 N. Col-
lege
Hair 8:00 pm.

13

Peace and Freedom
Party Moratorium Ac-
tion, Oct. 13, downtown
Indy, call 638-5047.
Hair 8:00 pm.

14

Free Church,
2126 N. College, 6:30
p.m., discussion on
meditation.
Hair 8:00 pm.

15

Peace and Freedom
Party, open meeting,
Oct. 16 2 p.m., 2126
N. College.
Jack O'Hara
1:30 am
Ch. 13
Hair 6&10 pm.

16

Gay Lib meeting
every Sunday 3:00pm.
2126 College.

17

See p. 14 for dis-
count coupon.

18

Gay Women's meet-
ing every Tuesday,
call 253-1929 and ask
for George.
Frank Zappa
Coliseum 7:30 pm.

19

Grass roots meeting
every Wednesday 6:30pm.
2440 N.Park.

20

Buy some food
at the Good Earth.

21

See p. 14 for dis-
count coupon.

22

Gay Liberation
Halloween Dance in
Bloomington, music
by Force and Dark
Earth light show,
Wright Quad, Oct.
29.

29

Jack O'Hara
1:30 am
Ch. 13

23

Gay Lib meeting
every Sunday 3:00pm.
2126 College.

24

See p. 14 for dis-
count coupon.

25

Gay Women's meet-
ing every Tuesday,
call 253-1929 and ask
for George.

26

Grass roots meeting
every Wednesday 6:30pm.
2440 N.Park.

27

See p. 14 for dis-
count coupon.

28

30